All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in Ri. bosome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of L. *Hastings.*

Gho. Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.
Think on *L.* Hastings, dispaire and die.

To Ri. Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake.
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

Gho. to K. R. Dreame on thy cousins smothred in the Tower,
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And way thee downe to ruine, shame and death.
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.

To Ri. Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace, and wake in ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Bores annoy.
Liue and beget a happie race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappie sonnes do bid thee florish.

Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne his wife.

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Thou quiet soule sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happie victorie,
Thy Aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

The first was *I* that helpt thee to the Crowne,
Thy last was *I* that felt thy tyrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death.
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.

To Ri. I dyed for hope ere *I* could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismayd,
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.

K. Ri. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie *Iesu*: soft, I did but dream.

O coward conscience, how dost thou
The lights burne blew, it is not dead m
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembl
What do I feare my selfe? thers none el
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I:
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am
Then flie, what from my selfe? great rea
Lest *I* reuenge. What my selfe vpon m
Alacke *I* loue my selfe, wherefore? for
That I my selfe haue done vnto my sel
O no: alas *I* rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my se
I am a villaine, yet *I* lye, *I* am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do
My conscience hath a thousand seueral
And euery tongue brings in a seuerall t
And euery tale condemnes me for a vil
Periurie, in the highest degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyrest
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each deg
Throng all to the barre, crying all, gu
I shall dispare, there is no creature loues
And if *I* die, no soule shall pitie me:
And wherefore should they? since that
Finde in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that *I* mur
Came all to my tent, and euery on did
To morrowes vengeance on the head

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Zounds, who is heare?

Rat Ratliffe, my Lord tis *I*: the earl
Hath twise done salutation to the mor
Your friends are vp, and buckle on the

King. O Ratcliffe, *I* haue dreamd a
What thinkst thou, will our friends pr

Rat. No dopt my Lord.

King. O Ratcliffe, *I* feare, *I* feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not af

King. By the Apostle Paul, shado

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